

The Historie of

Prin. What saist thou, *Mistress Quickly*? how dow thy husband? I loue him well, he is an honest man.
Host. Good my Lord heare me.
Fal. Prethee let her alone and list to me.
Prin. What saist thou *Iacke*?
Fal. The other night I fell a sleepe, here behind the Arras, and had my pocket pickt, this house is turnde bawdy-house, they pick pockets.
Prin. What didst thou lose, *Iacke*?
Fal. Wilt thou belecue me, *Hal*? three or foure bonds of forty pound a peace, and a seale Ring of my grandfathers.
Prin. A trifle, some eight penny matter.
Host. So I told him my Lord, and I said, I heard your Grace say so; and my Lord he speakes most vilely of you, like a foule mouth'd man, as he is, and said, he would cudgell you.
Prin. What he did not?
Host. Ther's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me els.
Fal. There's no more faith in thee, then a stued Prune; nor no more truth in thee, then in a drawne Foxe; and for Womanhood, Maydmarian may be the Deputies wife of, the ward to thee. Goe you thing, goe.
Host. Say, What thing, what thing?
Fal. What thing? why, a thing to thanke God on.
Host. I am no thing to thanke God on, I would thou shouldst know it, I am an honest mans wife, and setting thy Knight-hood aside, thou art a knaue to call me so.
Fal. Setting thy woman-hood aside, thou art a beast, to say otherwise.
Host. Say, What beast, thou knaue thou?
Fal. What Beast? why an Otter.
Prin. An Otter, *Sir John*? Why an Otter?
Fal. Why? theer's neither fish nor flesh; a man knowes not where to haue her.
Host. Thou art an vniust man in saying so, thou, or any man knowes where to haue me, thou knaue thou.
Prin. Thou sayest true *Hostesse*, and hee slaunders thee most grosely.
Host. So hee doth you, my Lord, and sayd this other day.

You

Henry the fourth.

You ought him a thousand pound.
Prin. Sirra, doe I owe you a thousand pound?
Fal. A thousand pound *Hal*? a Million: thy loue is worth a Million: thou owest me thy loue.
Host. Nay, my Lord, hee cald you *Iacke*, and said hee would cudgell you.
Fal. Did I, *Bardol*?
Bar. Indeed, *Sir John*, you sayd so.
Fal. Yea, if he sayd my Ring was Copper.
Prin. I say tis Copper: darst thou be as good as thy word now?
Fal. Why *Hal*? thou knowest, as thou art but a man, I dare, but as thou art *Prince*, I feare thee, as I feare the roaring of the Lyons whelpes.
Prin. And why not as the Lion?
Fal. The King himselfe, is to be feared as the Lyon: doest thou thinke he feare thee, as I feare thy Father? nay, and I doe, I pray God my Girdle breake.
Prin. O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees? But sirra, there's no roome for Faith, Truth, nor Honesty, in this bosome of thine; it is all filde vp with Guttes, and Midriffe: Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket? Why thou horeson impudent imboist rascall, if there were any thing in thy pocket, but tauerne reckonings, memorandums of Bawdy houses, and one poore peniworth of Sugar-candie to make thee long-winded: if thy pocket were inricht with any other iniuries but these, I am a villaine; and yet you will stand to it, you will not pocket vp wrong: art thou not ashamed?
Fal. Doest thou heare *Hal*? thou knowst in the state of innocencie, *Adam* fell: & what should poore *Iacke Falstaffe* do in the daies of villany? thou seest, I haue more flesh then another man, & therefore more frailty You confesse then you pickt my pocket.
Prin. It appeares so by the story.
Fal. *Hostesse*, I forgie thee: goe make ready breakfast, loue thy Husband, looke to thy Seruants, cherish thy Ghestes, thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: thou seest I am pacified still: nay, I prethee be gone. Exit *Hostesse*.
Now *Hal*, to the newes at Court for the robbery, lad: how is that answered?

Prin.